

A new Song called the

*Devonshire Lord.*

To which are added

The CONSTANT DAMSEL.

The SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER.

The BIRKS of INNERMAY.



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## The CONSTANT DAMSEL.

IT was on a summers morning the weather being  
fair,

I stroll'd for recreation down by a river clear,  
I overheard a damsel most grievously complain,  
All for her absent lover that plow'd the raging main  
I being unperceived I drew a little near,  
I lay down in ambush the better for to hear,  
Her doleful lamentations & melancholy cries,  
Whilst purling streams came rolling down from her  
coal black eyes.

Said O cruel fortune to me has proved unkind,  
And since my love has left me no comfort can I  
find.

The man that does possess my heart for him I sigh  
alone

Should he never return I'll ne'er cease to mourn,  
Whilst she was lamenting and grieving for her  
dear,

I saw a gallant sailor unto her draw near,  
With eloquence most pleasing he did address the  
fair,

He said my lovely fair maid why do you mourn  
here,

The absence of my jewel this maid did reply,  
Which makes me to mourn, to lament and cry,  
These five long years and better his absence I do  
mourn,

Altho the war is ended he has not returned home.

Why should you mourn for him the sailor he did  
say,

Its like his mind is alter'd and changed some other  
way,

Aut if you would forget him and place your love  
on me,

Till death would demand me to you I'd faithful be  
To which this fair maid answered, no that cannot  
be,

Reilly I do admire no man but only he,  
Wh is the darling of my heart he is the mon whom  
I adose,

So take this as answer and trouble me no more.

And said the gallant sailor what is lovers name,  
Both that and his description that I may know the  
same,

This is most surprizing that he was so unkind.

To leave so fair a creature in sorrow here behind,

George Reilly I do call him he is a lad that's trim,

So manly in proportion that few can equal him,

His amorous looks are wrinkling (own his shoulders  
bare,

His skin for whiteness exceeds the lilly's fair,

Madam I had a messmate George Reilly was  
his name,

And as you have described him I am sure he was  
the same,

For three long years we spent together in the old  
Belflour,

And such a gallant comrade I never saw before,

On the 12th of april near port royal bay,

We had a great engagement which lasted the  
whole day,

Between Rodney and De Grafs whers many a man  
did fall,

Your love then fell a victim to a cannon ball.

With flattering words and broken sighs these  
words I heard him say

Farewell my lovely nancy O was she standing by

To gaze upoe her lovely face contented would I die

This melanchoiy story wounded her heart so deep

She wrung her hands with sorrow mo t bitterly did  
weep,



Crying my joys are ended if what you told me is  
true,

Instead of having pleasure my sorrow now renew.

### The SOLDIER's last LETTER.

**D**EAR Molly these lines I convey you,  
At present near Mayence we lie,  
The French are encamped here in thou-  
sands,

The enemy's camp it is nigh :  
Surrounded and wounded and drowned,

In hedges and ditches we lie,

Where numbers of souls are expiring,

And them that were able did fly.

Three days and three nights we retreated,

Fatigued with hunger and cold,

What makes our condition the worse,

Our lodgings are on the cold ground,

And if that the French do attack us

Before we fresh succour receive

The republican arrows selected,

Will send us all down to the grave,

Artillery men without cannon,

Dragoons just a few without horse,

Dear Molly I'm going to tell you,

What makes my condition the worse,

The cries of the crying and wounded

While o' hers do crawl on the ground,

Attended by wives and by children,

Whose cries make the air to resound,

O pardon my dearest creature,

For touching of that tender name  
 You know it was against my inclination;  
 For to augment your great pain.  
 Your image is locked in my bosom,  
 In battle your always in view,  
 When closing my last existence,  
 Dear Molly, I think upon you,  
 I wish the disposer of all things,  
 Would bring this sad war to an end,  
 Encamp in the arms of Molly,  
 The tedious long hours to spend,  
 But hark ! all drums beat to arms  
 Perhaps love tis my lot for to fall,  
 The great Duke of York he commands us  
 And we must be ready at call.

### The BIRKS of INNERMAY.

**T**HE smiling morn, the breathing  
 spring,

Invite the tuneful birds to sing  
 And while they warble on each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay,  
 Let us Amanda timely wife,  
 Like them employ the hour that flies,  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Amidst the Birks of Innermay.

Soon wears the summer of the year  
 And age like winter will appear  
 Like this thy lovely bloom will fade,  
 As that doth strip the verdant shade,

Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd longsters charm no more,  
 And as they droop so we decay,  
 Adieu ye Birks of Innermay.

### The DEVONSHIRE LORD.

**I**N Devonshire there lived a lord,  
 Of noble birth and fame,  
 Who killed a man for pleasure,  
 A man that was but mean;  
 His weight of gold and silver,  
 He offered for his life,  
 And it was all refused,  
 By his beloved wite,  
 Some says that gold bewitches,  
 Some people for no good,  
 But I abhor those riches,  
 I'll have your precious blood;  
 Then since you are so cruel,  
 To send him to his grave,  
 My dear my joy, my jewel,  
 Its blood for blood I'll have.  
 This lord was much pitied,  
 By a poor servant maid,  
 Who said if I am admitted,  
 Admitted then she said,  
 To go before the judge said she,  
 I hope to end all strife,  
 be a love sick virgin,  
 In tears I'll buy his life.



She borrowed rich attire,  
 With diamonds manifold,  
 From them that was her buyer,  
 A costly chain of gold;  
 All things was got ready,  
 She with her full page came,  
 She appeared like a lady  
 Of honour, birth, and fame.  
 When before the judge she came,  
 Down on her knees did fall,  
 Beseeching him for mercy,  
 For mercy she did call,  
 Take pity on a virgin,  
 Spare me my noble lord,  
 And the blessings out of measure,  
 Shall be at your reward  
 Wring not your hands fair lady,  
 The learned judge did cry,  
 When murder is committed,  
 And your fellow creature slain,  
 Wring not your hands fair lady,  
 Your tears are all in vain.

My lord I beg your pardon,  
 Down on my bended knees.  
 With melting tears don't kill me,  
 But by slow degrees.  
 Since one of us must suffer,  
 Let the lot pray fall on me;  
 My life I will at ransom,  
 To set his lordship free.

Then bespoke the learned judge,  
Such love I never knew,  
It is a pity for to part you,  
So bid your sobs adieu.  
This night I will acquit him,  
Fair lady for your sake,  
Then hand in hand together,  
Your love and you may take.

Then hand in hand together,  
They walked up the road,  
Until he came to a tavern,  
A house of his abode.  
It's now i'm in the laven,  
My lord it is well known,  
I am but a poor servant,  
Those clothes are not my own!

It was from my master's daughter,  
I borrowed them also,  
To save your dismal fortune, sir,  
Your fatal overthrow.  
He clasped her in his arms,  
And smiling to her said,  
To marry you i'm willing,  
Although a servant maid.

With honor and promotion,  
I prolonged your days,  
And let each fervent lover,  
Hand in hand together take.

